

A
SERMON
OF THE
PASSION
Of our Blessed SAVIOUR
Jesus Christ.

Preached on *GOOD - FRIDAY.*

In his Excellencies the *SPANISH*
Ambassador's CHAPPEL,

By *J. G. D. D.*

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Calicem quem dedit mihi Pater non bibam illum?

The Chalice which my Father hath given me,
Shall not I drink it?

Words of the eternal Word made Flesh, spoken to Peter in the Garden, when he cut off Malchus his Ear, Recorded by St. John, in his 18th. Chapter, &c. And part of the Passion read in the Church on Good-Friday.

THE Passion of our dearest SAVIOUR is represented unto Us, by His own divine Self, under the notion of a *Chalice*, or draught that was to be Accepted and Swallowed down by the *Person* that was to Suffer. *Calicem quem dedit mihi Pater; The Chalice which my father hath given me, shall not I drink it?* The same Thing as to say in Reproving *Peter* for his forwardness without leave or authority: The *Passion* which my Eternal Father's Will is, I should undergo for thine and all the world's Redemption, wilt thou presume to put by; Dispute the Decrees of Heaven, and a Sacrifice to Him so acceptable, shall I refuse or neglect to Offer up?

In the same manner had He long before expressed His Sufferings; when to Curb and Repress the ambitious Thoughts of the Sons of *Zebedee*, who would be content with a no less humble place, than the Right and the

B

Left

Left of the KING of Kings, when seated on His Throne; *Dic ut sedeant hi duo filii mei unus ad dexteram, alter ad sinistram in regno tuo.* He answered them, *Potestisne bibere calicem quem ego bibiturus sum?* Can you drink the Chalice which I am about to drink? Are you ready to Suffer with me? can you imitate my Passion? have you both Courage and Will enough to share and partake with me of that heavy Burthen, that my Shoulders shall be charg'd withal?

And in the same Sence again, did the Royal Prophet cry out, in the Person of such as Suffer'd for Justice, *Quid retribuam domino pro omnibus quæ retribuit mihi? Calicem salutaris accipiam.* What shall I retribute to my Lord my God, for all he has confer'd on me? I will embrace his Chalice; I will make a Return unto Him of all I receiv'd from him, by Offering up my Life unto Him.

O Blessed JESUS, what a Chalice hast Thou chosen to drink for Us? What a bitter Potion has thy FATHER allotted Thee to swallow? But, What do I say, thy FATHER? It was not He alone that Temper'd and Mixt this Draught for Thee; They were the Sins of Men that gather'd the Ingredients, and made the Compound; and yet I must say, it was His Father did it: *Calicem quem dedit mihi Pater; The Chalice that my Father gave me, shall not I drink it?* The Father therefore gave it, and our Sins were the occasion. Our Ingratitude and Wickedness surpassing all bounds and measure, made the Preparation; the eternal Fathers All-surpassing Goodness and Charity unto Man, lay the injunction for to drink it. *The Chalice which my Father gave me, shall not I drink it?*

I will First therefore consider the Sins of Man, that were the occasion of this Chalice; then the boundless Charity of the Eternal FATHER to us Sinners, which lay

lay the Command of taking it; and from both descend to give you a view of the Bitter Ingredients that compounded it.

Mistake me not, and think this to be the division of my present Entertainment; No, no, it is the latter of the Three must take up that. This Dayes Discourse must be (if not wholly) for the greatest part of the doleful Sufferings of our Bleeding JESUS. Of the *Affronts*, the *Injuries*, the *Agonies*, the *Pangs* of our Dying SAVIOUR; We must cast our Eyes no other way at present, but on a Bloody Sacrifice; and such an one, as was not Consummated by one single, though Mortal Stroke, as in the Old Law, or amongst the Heathens; but by a continued Train of the most Barbarous Cruelties, that Malice it self could suggest from *Thursday* Evening, till *Friday* Three of the Clock in the Afternoon.

I will speak only a word or two of the Sins that were the occasion of our Blessed SAVIOUR'S Sufferings, that you may not wonder at so Heavy a Load, charged on the Shoulders of so Innocent a Person; and in like proportion of the divine Charity towards Man-kind, to raise a Gratitude in your Souls, answering the Love of a *Father*, that could lay such a Command on such a Son; and the Love of a Son, that could Embrace so readily, and Execute so effectually, such a Command of a *Father*. *Calicem quem dedit mihi Pater, non bibam illum?* *The Chalice which my Father gave me, shall not I drink it?*

My Consideration of the Sins of Men, shall comprehend, First the number of them, if to be comprehended; and then their Foulness.

As to the number of the Sins of Men, it is a dreadful Account to think on. From the Fall of our first Parent, which opened the Gate to Sin, to the visible Appearance of the SAVIOUR of the World, many thou-

and Years were Elapsed; numberless their Issue, yet none of all those, except particularly Priviledg'd without Sin: Besides the greatest part; nay, the far greatest part *Idolaters*, ignorant of their Creator, trained up from their Infancy, in all sorts of infamous and vicious Practises, and so continuing to their end.

As for those, who had the Blessing to be Instructed in the Knowledge of one *Deity*, infinite in himself, and Creator of Heaven and Earth, either before or after the Written Law; such was the Corruption of their manners, so great, so general, and so frequent their Defection from Orders given them, and the Dictates of their own Reason, that they came but little short of the others.

The Sins of us Christians I dare not name before you, it is the highest confusion unto me to think there should be any: Yet I must tell you, we are none of us without them, and so common amongst us, that we see them in the Streets; see them within our Doors; meet with them in Publick; meet with them in Private; they flie not the shame of the open Aire, and every corner seems throng'd with them: if I may not say, they are as numerous as before the coming of our Redeemer; I will say, and boldly say, they are much more Foul and Inexcusable.

Which Foulness of Sin in general, is my other consideration; and truly worthy not a Moment, Hour, or Dayes Reflection; for our whole life, tho' never so long, and full of Dayes, must be too short to enter into a just meditation of it; so Dismal and so Dark is its Nature; so Venemous, so Outragious its Effects.

It spoiles and disrobes the Soul, tho' by Nature an Excellent Creature, and by Grace a Singular Favorite of the *Deity*; Of all its Beauty, all its Sanctity, all its Innocence: it makes it appear in the Eyes of the Almighty

mighty, most Ugly, most Deformed, most Contemptible. It robs the Soul of the Blessed Inheritance of Heaven; and in lieu of that, secures it of the just Wrath and Anger of his offended God. In a Word, the proper effect of Sin, is to render the Soul like unto its self, which being really nothing; for Whatsoever can challenge the notion of a thing, was made by the Creator of all things; makes the Soul appear also as nothing. Nothing in the Sight of God, nothing in his Favour, nothing in his Good Will, nothing in Desert, nothing in any Right, by which it can justly challenge either Natural, or Supernatural Good.

A Monster I may call it, for Man wrongs and inverts the course of Nature, as often as he sins; and a Monster of that Malignity, as can hardly find its equal. For such is its Primogeneous and innate Poison, that it certainly destroys the Creature that gives it being; nothing under a rational Creature by nature can be Author of a Sin; and at the same time he sinneth, he must renounce his reason.

One only quality it has that can sound commendable, and even that augments the misery of Man; that is, to be of its own nature eternal; for did not the Divine Mercy interpose, whosoever sinneth, would be a Slave unto his sin for ever: But Blessed for ever and ever, be the Goodness of the Eternal Father, who so loved the World, that he would send, and not only send into the World his Son to be charged with all those Sins you have heard me speak of; but to take upon himself the cancelling of them all: And Blessed, I say, Blessed for ever be the Goodness of his Son, who would come into this World, and give even the last drop of his Blood for Mans Redemption.

After

After the infinity of the Divine Nature, and the incomprehensible excellencies within himself, I can find no other ground for the immensity of the Divine Charity towards his sinful Creatures, than the number, the greatness of their Sins: for could the Divine Charity have been bounded with Limits, the Sins of Man had certainly surpass'd it; but far be it from the God we Christians adore, to have his Goodness, his Bounty so contracted, as to be equal'd or surmounted by the Malice, by the Sins, tho' almost Infinite, of his Creatures.

Man's Sins were of themselves able to make him desperate; the desperateness of his Condition touched unto the quick, if I may so express it; the Bowels of the Divine Goodness, and that Goodness sent us a Redeemer. This Redeemer being come into this World amongst Men, waged War with Sin, and at last overcame it in his own Person, tho' it cost him dear. Without Drinking the bitter Cup of his Passion it was not to be done; and from that, neither *Peters* Kindness, nor any other motive could keep him back. *Calicem quem dedit mihi Pater non bibam illum?* The Chalice which my Father hath given me, shall not I Drink it?

Hadst thou not Blessed JESUS, signified a dissatisfaction or displeasure at *Peters* forwardness to defend Thee, in my Wishes I should have joyn'd with *Peter*. Should I not be unjust unto all Mankind, who were partakers and sharers of the blessings of thy Passion; or rather unjust to thy Divine Charity, which made the brightest, and most radiant discovery of it self unto the world, that it was capable of receiving? what is there I would not have done or suffered to prevent the drinking of thy Chalice? But I am frightened! dare neither speak nor wish! Thy reprehension of blessed *Peter* is always found-

ounding in my ears: *The Chalice which my Father hath given me, shall not I drink it?* Yes, blessed JESUS, drink it, comply with thy Fathers order; but teach us to do the like.

Well, the Resolution is taken; the *Chalice* he will drink, though never so bitter; his ardent Charity has vanquish'd and put to flight all resistances, all oppositions that interven'd betwixt him and his Cross. He has nothing more to act; he must be wholly passive: sufferings, and the most grievous of all sufferings are the ingredients of his *Chalice*; which I will take apart, that you may consider them the better: As a dissection in a solid body, so division and taking apart the ingredients in others, makes the perfectest discovery. I will let you see

What he Suffered in the garden of *Gethsemani*.

What in the hands of the *Jews*.

What from the power of the *Gentiles*.

Again,

What from Himself.

What from his Countrymen.

What from Aliens and Strangers to his Nation.

In a word, the division of my Discourse shall be the division of his Passion.

In the 1st. part I will lay before you,

What he suffer'd precedently to his seizure by his Enemies the *Jews*.

In my 2^d.

What He suffered from them.

In my 3^d.

What from the power and command of the *Roman* Governour.

What he suffer'd precedently to his Seizure by the *Jews*, may be reduced to these *Three Heads*.

His

His sufferings from his Disciples.

From his Father.

From Himself.

All bitter sufferings, because from Friends; from such as he loved dearly. That he loved his Disciples, you will not question. His choice of them, to be partakers of all his Traverses here, to be sharers with him of his Adversity and Prosperity, abundantly demonstrate.

That he loved his Father, must be more undoubted, of whom, though infinite in himself, he received all his being; and to whom he had alwayes payed all the Honour he could Reverence him withall.

From the Treachery of a Disciple, his Passion was to commence; *Amen, dico vobis unus vestrum me traditurus est. Amen, I say unto you, one of you is about to betray me.* And whether is this Treachery to be? What does it strike at? Where will be its end? Betray him into the hands of cruel and blood-sucking Enemies. Into the Hands of such as thirst after his Life, there it strikes: And who will never rest content untill they have it; there it ends.

The manner of this Treachery also involves such unheard-of Ingratitude and Villany, as can hardly be expressed; for it was meditating and acting in the very instant that our Blessed *JESUS* was preparing a Banquet; Nay, What, do I say a Banquet? when he was laying up a Kingdom for him.

The token by which it was to be executed, was a Kiss; *Quemcunque osculatus fuero, ipse est tenete eum. Whomsoever I shall kiss, he it is, lay hands on him, and hold him fast.* Hold him fast! Blind and Perfidious Traytor! Knowest thou not he is not to be held, but by his own free will? Canst thou so soon forget how at other times his Enemies had no power over him, because
he

he would not? or, Seest thou not now, how all thy Armed Bands lye prostrate at his Feet, at the very opening of his Mouth?

The unworthiness of this Action was such, to make use of the highest Token of Friendship, of the very Seal of Peace, to Betray the Best of Friends, to Commence open War withal, could not but move the Heart of the mildest of Lambs, and draw from Him this gentle Exposition; *Juda osculo filium hominis tradis? Judas*, (My old Disciple, my Bosome Friend, who wert daily Rising and Lying down with Me: I bury in Silence what I have done More for thee) *Doeſt thou betray me with a Kiſs?* Canst thou be so Deceitful, as to make use of the highest Token of Endearment, to expreſs the Blackeſt Malice, and Vomit out thy Poyſon?

From the Infidelity again of a Disciple, in the midst of His Distress, when the owning, at least of a Friend, might have afforded Him some small Comfort; Is his Passion carried on, by a flat Denial; nay, Forſwearing of any, though the least Acquaintance. *Cæpit detestari & jurare quia non novisset hominem.* From the Tepidity and Negligence of altogether, in the Garden of *Gethſemani*, was he deſerted, and left alone, void of all Comfort, ſeparate from all Friends; deſolate, diſtreſſed, and forlorn.

Such as ſhould have Born up with Him, Confronted all his Dangers, and hazarded (a Man would have thought) their ſmall Fortunes for Him: Leave Him alone in the open Air, dark Night, and already Trembling at the Approach of thoſe, into whoſe Hands He was immediately to Fall. They unconcern'd, betake themſelves to Reſt, Indulge their heavy Humours; and ſome of them, though twice deſired (by their *Maſter*) for to Watch, ſtill yield themſelves up to Sleep and Reſt.

C

Non

Non potuistis una hora vigilare mecum? Well may He Reproach us all here present, with the same Expression, *Non potuistis una hora vigilare mecum?* Could not you watch one hour with me. You all know the Concern of Watching; your Enemy is vigilant; *Circuit quærens quem devoret*, (sayes St. Peter) He takes his rounds to find whom he may devour; and for want of vigilancy in you, has he so often surpriz'd you, and drawn you into Sin. Want of Vigilancy has been the cause of all your Treacheries, all your Denials, all your Neglects of my Commandements: Had you Watched when you ought, you had never Betrayed Me like to Judas, Denied Me like Peter, nor Quitted and Deserted Me like the rest of my Disciples, whose Treachery, Denial, and supine Negligence, are the beginning of these my Sufferings, and make up the Doleful Entry of my Passion.

That He Suffered, and grievously Suffer'd from his FATHER, His beloved FATHER, we shall not need to seek far to find: What sayes the *Evangelist St. John?* *Calicem quem dedit mihi Pater, non vis ut bibam illum;* The Chalice that my Father hath given me, shall not I drink it? His Father therefore prepared his Bitter Chalice for Him? His Father lay the Injunction for to drink it. *Calicem quem dedit mihi Pater;* The Chalice which my Father hath given me.

'Tis true, we found out the Matter, Our Sins, our Transgressions, our Wickedness were the occasion; But it was the Eternal FATHER'S Goodness towards His Adopted but Rebellious Children, that made Him be so Severe unto His Son, that sent Him into this World, and here laid unto His Charge, whatsoever the former were guilty of; and which could not be discharged, without His drinking of the Chalice. *Calicem quem dedit mihi Pater,*

Pater, non vis ut bibam illum? But, What need of examining the *Evangelist St. John*, about the Point in question, if there be any such? The Words of our dearest JESUS in the Garden of *Gethsemani*, will make all as clear as Noon-day. What was his Prayer unto Heaven, when he parted a Stones-cast from His chosen Disciples, which He left Posted at that distance? What, I say, was his Prayer, but *Pater si possibile est, transeat a me calix iste*; Father, (dearest FATHER, whom I never yet disobeyed, whose Will has been alwayes Mine) *if it be possible, let this Chalice pass from me*; Lay not so heavy a Command on the Shoulders of Thy loving Son: Let not thy Anger exert it self against my Innocence. I know, dearest FATHER, Thou hast ordered it, but are Thy Decrees alwayes immutable like thy Self? No, no, I remember thy Threats, thy Menaces renversed upon Just Reasons; and, why not, at the Petition, at the earnest Request of thy most Dutiful, and most Ob-servant Son; *If it be possible, let this Chalice pass from me.*

If this was his Prayer to his *Father*, if thus He repaired unto Him to be Relieved from that Anguish, which began already to Rage within Him, to be Protected, and Defended from that Storm, which was just discharging its self upon his Head; it must be his *Father's* Anger and Severity He lay under, and His Sufferings be the greater, that they were from such a *Father*.

Undoubtedly it was grievous to Suffer from Friends, and such were his Disciples: More grievous to Suffer from a *Father*, and so Dear a *Father*; but to Suffer from Himself, must needs exceed all other Sufferings, if that be once made out, and nothing is more easy, by a plain Convincing reason; and by the dire effects which were

so terrible, and so surpassing all Belief, if not delivered by an infallible Oracle; that whatsoever the *Jews*, the *Gentiles* cast after on Him, of Reproach, Scorn, Contempt, bodily Affliction, and the like, seem but trifles in comparison of them.

The Reason, by which I promised to Convince you of our *JESUS* Suffering, and unexpressible Suffering from Himself, I draw from the nature of our Fancy, whose Operation is so powerful and quick upon the Body, that, in an instant, I may say, it influences the very utmost, and remotest Parts: We no sooner apprehend what is pleasing and agreeable to our Humour, but we become all over lightſom, and every Part of us shares of the Joy. No sooner, on the contrary, is our Fancy possess'd with the Apprehension of what is noxious and prejudicial, but, in a moment, all our Mirth is dashed, our Joyes flie from us, we become Lumpish, Heavy, and Distracted: Nay, sometimes the power and faculty of Motion, is by a secret Damp, either for the present seized, or for ever withdrawn.

And if this be the daily Experience of us all, upon airy and volatile Apprehensions of good and evil; what must be the Operations of our Blessed *JESUS*'s Fancy, where fully, at large, and to the life, were set forth, all the ignominious Treatments, all the Painful and Dolorous Expressions of Malice in his Person, all the Torments in a word. His sacred Body was to run thorow, during the whole Course of his Passion, even to His expiring on the Cross.

Nay, which is yet more, and which workt on him more, all the Sins of unthankful Christians, all their Ingratitude, all their Neglects, and wilful Omissions of improving their Souls by those his voluntary Sufferings.

I may

I may ask the question, How strong, how violent, how forcing on the Body must such a Fancy be, but none but He can answer it? So much did it exceed all our Apprehensions, that we must come infinitely short of the Truth, had there not been a considerable Discovery made by the Effects; which, as the Evangelists deliver them, I will expose to your consideration.

When the Passion grows so strong upon us, that with difficulty it is kept in, a fear or sadness of Mind (for example, Expresses it self in outward Action, in change or alteration of Body;) it is a certain sign, an infallible Argument, it touches to the Quick, seizes on the Spirit, begins to daunt and baffle our natural Courage, which, in our Blessed SAVIOUR, had been alwayes exemplary in the midst of dangers, in the throng of difficulties. At present notwithstanding, so far is He prevailed upon; so much did the Apprehension of what was to follow, work upon Him, that He found a real Change within Him. I will not say, his Fortitude began to leave him, far be it from me to have any such Thought; for that remain'd unshaken, till He expir'd on the Cross; but his inferiour Part began to express an inward Anguish, and a violent Oppression of those Spirits, which had hitherto made him appear alwayes Inalterable in his Humour and Constitution. *Cæpit contristari*; sayes St. Matthew, & *mæstus esse*; *He began to be sad, and very much dejected*. Nor was this all, for every Moment encreasing, it came to such a pitch, that Death could not be bitterer? He gives us the Expression himself; *Tristis est anima mea usque ad mortem*; *My Soul is sad, even unto Death*. The Acerbity of my Anguish pinches me so, as the violent Pangs of Death could do no more.

Blessed JESUS, I believe Thee, it was not for nothing the

the Angel came from Heaven to Comfort thee. *Appa-
uit autem illi angelus de cælo confortans eum.* There
was need enough of it, thy Soul was so streightned:
Such Ebullitions and Aëtuations in thy Blood, that its
Veins are not able to hold it longer; it must force its
way; and were there Walls of Brass or Iron, they could
not keep it within its Channels. *Et factus est sudor ejus
sicut guttæ sanguinis decurrentis in terram;* And his Sweat
became like to drops of Blood falling on the ground. Let
the cause of it be either excess of Fear, or the fortitude
of his Mind endeavouring to repress it, 'tis all one with
me, I am sure his Pains were never the less. The in-
ward Conflict that could force from him such a Tor-
rent of Blood, must so reverse and undermine the Fa-
brick of his Constitution, that nothing less than the
Hand of the Almighty, could have Supported him after
such a Sweat, and given him strength to go through
one quarter of the difficulties he was speedily to encoun-
ter. I say speedily; for, behold the Traitor Judas en-
tring into the Garden, at the Head of a band of Soul-
diers, Marching up towards Him with Swords, Clubs,
and other such like Instruments, as they could, with
speed, gather up to Secure our Sampson, whose Dalila,
that is his Love, had already disarmed, and disabled
from making a Defence. *Ecce Judas unus de duodecim
venit, & cum eo turba multa cum gladiis & fustibus.* So
that it is not long before they Seize him; before they
lay violent hands upon him: *Tunc accesserunt, & manus
injecerunt in Jesum & tenuerunt eum;* Then they came near-
er, cast their hands on Jesus, and held him fast. And his
Sufferings there make up the second part of that Tra-
gedy I promised to Represent unto you at this present
time; and which, because I will continue my former
Method, I will distinguish also into parts,

What

What He Suffered before his Condemnation.

What by His Condemnation it self.

What after.

Before his Condemnation was, the whole Treatment he received from *Judas* his Band of Cut-Throats, as he was hurrying along to the Pallaces of *Annas* and *Caiphas*; as likewise in their Houses, by Violence on his Person, and Infamy of False Witnesses, before the Sentence of Death past on him.

Judas had given them a Caution to *hold him fast*; and therefore, no sooner had they Seized him, but, with Cords and Ropes, they bound his Hands, and with such force drew them both together, that no small Impressions they Engraved on his tender Flesh: His sacred Feet they loaded not with Irons, but, For what reason, out of mercy or tenderness to his Person? Nothing less. It was their Malice, that they might, with greater speed, bring Him before his New - Erected Judges, sooner to his Trial, with more Expedition to his End. And therefore, instead of giving their New-made Prisoner leave to walk soberly in their company, with other Ropes, about Neck and Body, they Forced him along, with much more Hast and Violence, than could be convenient for such a Prisoner, as had not the use of one Hand left him, to Raise him up again, in case he should stumble in the Way.

'Tis not long before He arrived at the House of *Annas*, Father-in-Law to *Caiphas*, High-Priest of that year, whether they first conducted Him, both by reason his House was in the way, and that he was a considerable Person, as appears by his so near Alliance with the High-Priest: Where, though we read but little Acted; 'tis not to be doubted, but his Pride and Arrogance, drew from him many Impertinent, if not Impious Questions: And the

the Insolence of the Rabble continuing, or rather every moment Increasing, they heaped on Him Injuries answerable to what the Holy Scriptures relate, to have been afterwards expressed from their Malice. But the Seniors of the People, together with the Scribes, being Assembled at the High-Priests Pallace, He was soon dispatched thither. *Et misit eum Annas ligatum ad Cai-pham pontificem; And Annas sent him bound to Caiphas the High-Priest.*

Where He might justly expect all Illegal and Unconscionable Proceeding from these following Reasons. First of all it was *Caiphas*, at whose Bar He must now stand that Prophesied his Death. 2^{ly}. It was he that perswaded them to Seize Him, and put Him to Death. 3^{ly}. It was at his House, where all the Princes of the Priests, with the Antients of the People were Assembled, and on design Assembled, to use all sort of deceit, and fraudulent wayes; both to lay Hold of Him, and make Him away. *Et concilium fecerunt, sayes St. Matthew, ut Jesum dolo tenerent & occiderent.* 4^{ly}. They had Bought Him of the Traitor *Judas*, though they had nothing of Truth to lay unto his Charge. And Lastly, They let Him still remain in the hands of the Rabble, whose Barbarity was such, that nothing wanted Execution, that came but into their Fancies, though the most brutish, and transcendently unnatural Violences.

And as He might justly expect the height of Illegality, and Violence from the Precedent Heads, so he met with all in the height. He failed not of his Expectations in the least; His usage was beyond all parallel.

As nothing of Injustice and Invention was wanting in the High-Priest, and those of his diabolical Council; so nothing of Baseness and Abusiveness, was omitted by his **Black-Guard**, and such as every Moment flocked thither,

thither, to be either Spectators, or Sharers in his Examinations and Trial.

The High-Priest, sitting as Judge, and Paramount above the rest, swelling with Pride, as well he might, undertaking to Judge the JUDGE of the World; first askt Him questions about his Disciples, and concerning his Doctrine. *Pontifex ergo, sayes St. John, interrogavit Jesum de Discipulis suis, & de doctrina ejus.*

But finding not his Advantage there; for, What could he draw from the Mouth of Truth, whose Accusation was designedly to be built up of lies and falsities? Blind he was to personate Authority; to usurp upon Innocence, and Him that had all Power in His Hands, if He had pleased to make use of it; but not so blind, as to think he could gain any thing upon the answer of his Prisoner; and therefore, betakes himself to the only means applicable in such cases; *Falsities, Lies, Impostures, Perjuries*, and the like: False Witnesses must be brought; their Allegations must be taken; their Testimonies must run current; their Oaths unquestionable; the pretended truth of what they delivered, lookt on as sacred; by no contrary Evidence disputed, and abundantly sufficient to Found a Sentence; nay, a sentence of Death on. *Principes autem sacerdotum & omne concilium querebant falsum testimonium contra Jesum, ut eum morti traderant.*

O Blessed JESUS! How is thy Life searcht after! How is thy Innocence traduced! How do thy Enemies now vomit forth their Malice! For, What greater Malice can there be, than knowingly and wittingly to make use of the blackest and foulest of Means, for the Oppression of Innocence it self? Had He been a Malefactor, or open Enemy to their Nation, there were Eyes enough

D

to

to have discovered it, and no Will wanting to have publish'd and made it known: But there is no such thing as yet alledged, False Witnesses must do the turn, if possible, for True ones, they are not to be found; none in being, and so not to be Subpœned in: Yet Die He must, Guilty He is; and since that Judas has received Mony for Him, He must not Escape his doom. To Evidencing therefore they go; upon Interrogatories they make their Answers: But, upon a suddain, all their Designs are cramp't; all their Endeavours blasted; all their Hopes are dashed. For, so little care had been taken in their Instructions; so small regard of an Uniformity in their Lessons, that, what one Asserted, the other Contradicted; what one Avouched, a second positively Denied. *Multi enim testimonium falsum dicebant adversus eum, & convenientia testimonia non erant.*

At which, the Judge enraged, no less unreasonably, than impertinently, demands of his Prisoner at the Bar, Why He made no Answer to what was alledged against Him? Whereas, indeed, there was nothing to answer to: For, if the Witnesses agree not; if there be jarring in the Testimony given, the Accusation falls of it self, and stands for nothing. Make therefore first thy Witnesses agree proud Priest, and then make thy Demand; then make use of that, thy Confidence in asking Him, Why he Answers nothing: But the occasion is now lost; the Opportunity, even of a shadow-like Conviction is let slip, and their Cause must fall, if our JESUS himself will not advance one step towards it; and rather than be cleared, He will advance much farther; for the Chalice his Father gave Him, must not pass without his drinking it. *Calicem quem dedit mihi, non bibam illum.*

His

His Reply to the High-Priests following question, and last refuge, put them all at Ease; for fretting within himself, and seeing nothing would prevail, he falls again upon his Interrogatories; and with his *Adjuro te per Deum vivum ut dicas nobis si tu es Christus filius Dei; I conjure thee by the living God, that thou tell us, if thou art Christ the Son of God:* Drew from our Blessed JESUS, that *Tu dixisti, Thou hast said it;* which put an end to all their sollicitude and doubts; freed them of all their cares and fears of his Escape; occasion'd the High-Priests rending of his Garments; made him presently Guilty of Blasphemy, in his Judgment; and Blasphemy deserved Death, according to the Law. Whereupon, the Sentence is pronounced by the Voice of the whole Assembly, Crying out, *Reus est mortis, He is guilty of death.*

He now stands a Condemned Person, and Affronts will soon be redoubled on Him: If, before his Condemnation, a stander by, in presence of the Judge, and face of the whole Court, could be so Insolent, as to strike Him over his divine Countenance, without the least reprimand; I wonder not, if they think all Things lawful afterwards. A Summary I will give you, and the best Account I am able of their Indignities, Villanies, and furious Assaults on his sacred Person, after a word or two, of that so unjust, illegal, and precipitated Sentence.

As nothing, in this world, can be dearer to us, than our Lives, nothing in equal value with our Being; so nothing can be equally injurious, equally pernicious, with what robs us of our Being, bereaves us of our Lives. From whence, every unjust Sentence unto Death, let it be by what sinister means soever, it values not, is the

highest of Injuries, the most execrable of Malices, the blackest of Inhumanities: And that, in this Sentence, whatsoever could render it Just was wanting, nothing can be more evident: For the Judge was wholly void of authority over the Person Condemned; no Crime made out against the Prisoner; all Witnesses Suborn'd and Perjur'd; and even those not agreeing in their Testimonies, and Judgment given by the Accusers and the Rabble. Well then may it be asserted, That our SAVIOUR'S Sufferings, in his Condemnation, were very grievous, and beyond Expression.

To conceive it something better, pray imagine with your selves, any private Person Usurping such Authority over his Neighbour, as upon presumption of his own Interest, Will, or Pleasure, should force or compel him to the place of Execution, and there Throttle him with a Halter, Cut his Throat, or the like: You will take that Man to be a very great Sufferer in the case, and the Execution to be a heinous, nay, hellish Action: Yet 'tis no more, than every unjust Sentence unto death; nor is the Person so Condemned, a less Sufferer: For, 'tis all one and the same thing to Condemn to Death, and effectually Rob one of his Life; and he that gives the Sentence in his Chair, turns the Ladder, and gives the Blow with the Executioner, in the place, whither the pretended Criminal is brought to Suffer.

But what need I use so many words about his Suffering in his Condemnation: You are sufficiently convinced of the enormity of the Action, of the foulness of the Injury; and therefore, I will now go on, and see what passed after.

The Evangelist *St. Matthew*, and the Prophet *Isaiah*,
both

both relate the Injuries; neither of them, all, nor both together, all; yet both enough to imprint in us a Sense, if we be not past all Sense, of that dismal Night, in which the Light of the World was Ecclips't; the Beauty of Heaven defiled; Innocence it self mockt and derided; Patience exceeding all its common notions, born down and trampled on.

I will begin with that Divine Face, on which the Angels desire to look; and which was so coveted by the Antient Patriarcks, that they longed after it, as the fulness of Happiness. *Ostende faciem tuam & salvi erimus.* This same Countenance, tho' never so resplendent in its self; tho' the seat of all excellencies and graces, are they so unmannerly and dirty, as to load with their filthy spittle: *Tunc expuerunt in faciem ejus.* Of what others from whom Modesty is not wholly banisht, search for corners and private holes to discharge their stomacks do they make his Face, his Blessed Face the common receptacle and sink; which when all fouled by their ordures and filthyness, and become an unfit spectacle to the World, they cover with some beastly or nasty clout, that he might not see the injuries they were resolved to heap upon him after: But alas, they are blind, not He; They see not what they do, when with such outrages they assault the Lamb of God, and contest who shall abuse him most, who shall shew most wit, and forwardness in adding to the Calamities of our now helpless SAVIOUR.

Blind then as they are, do they load his Head with blows; his Cheeks do they pull and buffet, & at the same time illuding him with Mockeries, and insulting with Rudeness, cry out, *Prophecie unto us CHRIST, who it was that stroke thee.* *Tunc expuerunt in faciem ejus, & colaphis*

colaphis eum ceciderunt. Alii autem palmas in faciem ejus dederunt, dicentes prophetiza nobis Christe, quis est qui te percussit.

Devout Perusers of the Particulars of our SAVIOURS Passion, and such as delight with the fullest draught of his Sufferings, enquire about the difference between buffetting with Cuffs, & strokes with the palms of the Hands; both which are expressed by the Evangelist in our Suffering-JESUS present treatment: And they resolve Buffetting to be by clinched fists, when fingers are drawn up together to render the Blow more violent and penetrating; and those they discharged with all fury on his Head; whereas with palms, is the same, as with stretcht-out Fingers, and with those they spared not his Cheeks: So that what between the one and the other, we may conclude both Head and Face, with those violent contusions, not only sore to extremity, but even swoln to admiration.

Whilst their Hands were so busie, you may be sure their Tongues were not silent; but on the contrary, restless in vomiting out all manner of Calumnies, nay, even Blasphemies against his Sacred Person: They were so ungrateful, or rather so ungodly, as to exprobate and reproach him of his former Actions of Goodness and Charity, of which he had bin so profuse amongst them. The Evangelists bury most of their expressions in silence; but to assure us that such passed, and also in abundance, St. Luke commends to posterity these words: *Et alia multa Blasphemantes dicebant in eum: And Blaspheming they spoke many other things against Him.*

The Night thus passing in Abuses from the scum and dreggs of the People, without any rest or quiet, tho' for a moment altogether tyred and weary, early in the Morning

Morning is he presented again unto the Council, which confirming by a second Condemnation what had passed over night; he is again bound, and presently dispatched away, with the whole multitude of People attending, and ready to run him down with their numbers, if their Judgment should be call'd in Question by the *Roman* Governour; for they delivered him unto *Pilate* only to see and order Execution; not to examine, or make inspection into their Sentence, as *St. Leo* observes in his eighth Sermon on the Passion.

O Blessed Jesus! How art thou hurried from one place to another! from *Annas* to *Caiphas*! From him again to *Pilate*! First into the hands of thy People the *Jewes*, now from them again into the hands of For-
raigners; of Strangers to thy Nation, and who allwayes regarded them as a tumultuous and headstrong People: So that little mercy can be expected now. If thy own People have been so Cruel, what can be hoped from a People whose Education and Principles favour'd nothing of gentleness, nothing but roughness, and severity?

He is now in the hands of *Pilate*, and only remains to see what was done by him, by whose Order was acted the last; and withall, the most Cruel and Bloody part of all the Tragedy. So that pray arm your selves with patience now to hear a piece of Cruelty, Infidelity, and Villany that surpasses all degrees of moderation; such as neither former dayes have, nor posterity shall represent the like: Such as are able to soften hearts moulded of Flint or Steel, and such as an ocean of Tears will not evidence a sufficient and answering resentment.

When you have heard them, I know your hearts
will

will work. I will therefore particularize these last and mortal Sufferings of our SAVIOUR; by considering

What He Suffer'd whilst in the hands of *Pontius Pilate*.

What from the *Roman* Souldiers.

What upon the Cross.

'Tis true, the *Roman* Governour scrupled at the first to execute what they pressed; he seem'd backward to inflict the ultimate of Disgraces and Torments on a Person, of whose Faultiness he was no wayes convinced; and therefore not only beg'd their excuse, till he had thorowly examin'd his Guiltiness, and approved his Demerits; but moreover, stuck not to declare him Innocent and Guiltless upon Examination; that he found no cause of death, nor such their deadly malice, and therefore would dismiss him. *Ego nullam invenio in eo causam mortis.*

But he wanting courage to persist unto the end, their cries founding and redoubling in the Air; their importunities every moment increasing; their instances, their demands urged and repeated, weaken his Resolutions, invalidate his first purposes, make him dubious and thoughtful what to do. Howsoever, he will make experience, if by any means they may be drawn from that their violent way of proceeding, and by cunning disarm'd of their malicious intentions; and therefore asks them which they would have freed, *Barabbas* an infamous Murtherer, or JESUS, whom they had lately committed to his custody, as the custom was to set one free, whom they should demand on such Festival times; with exactness he examined all their Accusation, discover'd it; a whole Fabrick of Malice of the Priest and Ancients

Ancients, built upon the easiness of the common People; could find not the least plausible ground for a well-laid Accusation; and therefore, with difficulty, could believe they should be so shameless, as to prefer the most noted, and blasted of Malefactors, before the mildest and most Innocent of Prisoners. But he mist in his design, his project took no effect; for having now so long run on beyond the bounds of modesty, honour and conscience, they stick not to petition the discharge of *Barabbas*; and tremble not with brazen Faces, to reiterate their impious Postulations of having JESUS to be Crucified, *At illi magis clamabant dicentes Crucifigatur.*

Blessed and dearest JESUS! What pass art Thou now come to? or rather, to what degree of Impiety and Ingratitude are these thy People arrived? Thee, the true SAVIOUR of Mankind; the true Deliverer of thy People from the endless Slavery of the infernal Tyrant; they Choose and pre-Elect to Torments, to the Death of the Cross, by preferring a Thief, a Murderer, and vilest of Malefactors before Thee.

Pilate is not yet quite discouraged, he has one Invention more; he would do Him a Pleasure, but mixt with so much Gall, that I leave you to judge, whether the Remedy be preferable to the Disease. He will endeavour to Mollifie their stubborn Hearts with such a Spectacle, as should certainly have the desired Operation, if any such could be wrought: And therefore, causes the pretended, tho' Falsly pretended Criminal to be Whipt and Scourged to that degree, that All his Body resembled but one Ulcer: It was not only Wounded, but even Harrowed all over; All was Raw, Bloody, nay, even divided piece from piece; and in this Plight

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does

does he bring Him forth, exposes Him to their View, and then bid them look on the MAN, they had so grinded their Teeth at. *Ecce Homo; Behold the Man*, that must now at least be a greater Object of Pitty, than Hatred. *Consider now* (sayes he) *if you can desire more; if your Cryes be at an end; if this lamentable Spectacle be further worthy your wrath and choller.*

But he comes as far short in this, as in his former Stratagem; they are so far from Relenting, that their Fury becomes more Fiery; their Rage grows stronger: And, because he stumbles at their Requests, they begin to storm and threaten: *Si hunc dimittis non es amicus Cæsaris; If thou dismishest this Man, thou art no friend of Cæsars*: At which, the Faint-hearted Governour wholly relents; and tho' against his Conscience, against a particular Disswasion of his Wife, against all the Rules of Honesty and Worth, gives way, yields to their Desires, and Delivers up the Prisoner into the hands of the Souldiers; first to be treated at their Will and Pleasure, then to be Crucified.

The Souldiers have got Him now into their Hands; and, What Souldiers, but the *Romans*? Such as had alwayes Testified, both in Words and Actions, the highest Hatred against the *Jews*. So that, no Mercy now to be exhibited from such a pack of Hell-Hounds, who with Eyes rowling, Mouths open, Fury in their looks and countenance, Assault Him all manner of wayes. His yet crude, and, but at most, half-dry'd Wounds, must be again laid open by a violent Stripping him of those Garments, which, for a little time, had Defended his torn and ulcerated Flesh; so that now all Bleeds afresh, and the Dolour is renew'd, first rising from so barbarous a Dilaceration of his Body: But 'tis not long

long to remain in that condition; it must be cover'd with a Purple Garment, after the manner of Kings, and great Ones, in Derision of what he had asserted of Himself. And to carry on the Metaphor to their present Satisfaction, tho' to his unspeakable Torment, they will place a Crown upon his Head, and a Scepter in his Hand; but the Crown, was no other than of Thorns, nay, of sharpest and Iron'd Thorns for hardness, which was laid on with so great violence, that it pierced thro' his Temples, thro' his Scull into his Brains.

Think dearest Christians! think what now He Suffers in this Condition! What Pangs, what Agonies he must feel! Now call to mind his Sweat in the Garden of *Gethsemani*, and tell me, if all this foreseen, was not a sufficient, nay, an abundant Cause of such a Sweat. If your Fountains of Water be not dried up, your Tears must now be visible. Had you but a Father, Husband, Brother, or any other Friend, but in half so Miserable, so Calamitous a Condition; How would you wring your Hands, tear your Hair, pour forth whole Floods of Tears, make your Clamours reach the Heavens, beg, and on your Knees still beg some Redress, some Relief for this your Distressed Friend? And, Can you do nothing of all this for your Bleeding JESUS? Can you be Eye-Witnesses unconcern'd, and not bewail the heavy Sighs and Sobs of your fainting SAVIOUR? Can you All sit here like Rocks unmoved, and see the Best of Friends, in the most Deplorable of Conditions, and that out of purest Love for you, and not be ready to sink down for Grief?

The Scepter they gave Him in his Hand, was no other then a Reed, to express the Floating, and Tottering

tering condition of his Empire: And then thus Clad; thus Crown'd, thus Scepter'd; He must be also Reverenc't and Worshipt with bended Knee; and accordingly, they bent their Knees before Him, Saluting Him with the highest of Scorn; *Ave Rex Judæorum; Hail King of the Jews*. One only Thing could then seem wanting, that favours Sovereignty, and that is, Exhibition of Tribute; but that they paid Him in a Smarting Coyn, Multiplying their Blows upon his Crown, to make it surer and falter on his Head.

Thus Glutted, thus Satiated with their unheard of Cruelty, they go on to Execute the Tyrants Orders. I know there are many Authors say, That all this was Acted before his Ostension to the *Jews*, and Dismission of *Pilate*; and they Found themselves on St. *John's* Relation; but because St. *Matthew* seems to me more full than the other *Evangelists*, I have traced him in point of *History*: And besides, it lessens nothing our JESUS Sufferings, whether before or after: For, Whipt he was, Crown'd he was, had a Scepter deliver'd into his Hand; was Saluted on the Knee, and received the Tribute of their hard-hearted Malice on his Head. And then what could remain, but his Fastning on the Cross, to put an end unto his Sufferings; the *Jews* Malice, the Tyranny of the *Gentiles*. To which, that nothing might be missing, they violently again divest him of his Purple Robe, by that means, the third time opening of his Wounds; Cloth him slightly with his own Apparel; and his now altogether Fainting, and almost Expiring Self, do they Load with that unweildy Beam, that heavy Cross, on which He was to Suffer, and compleat this Bloody Tragedy. When Loaden, with Kicks, Stripes, Spurns, and other such-like Violences, they
Force

Force him along; till quite overcome by so great a weight he can stir no farther, but must leave his burthen there, if not assisted: But assisted he shall be, tho' with an uncharitable assistance; for otherwise they lose their aim, their design is spoyled, what they all conspired would fall to the ground. *Simon* therefore the *Cyrenean* coming that way, they seize on, and force him to bear the Cross unto Mount *Calvary*; our *Isaack* walking by that was to be Immolated on it.

Where being arrived, the Cross is then laid on the ground; and several of the Executioners laid violent hands upon this Holocaust; unmercifully again disrobe him, fit his Limbs unto the Wood, and with force of Ropes stretch them forth to make them answer the proportion, and distances of the holes they had bor'd before; which done, the doleful and dismal musick begins to play; the strokes of the Hammers on the Nails; and the Nails thro' the Sacred Hands and Feet of our Crucified JESUS: For now I may so style Him, being now fastned on the Cross.

O Blessed JESUS! Whatsoever may be the sentiments of those that put Thee to this Torment; howsoever they may undervalue and vilify Thy Person; I adore Thee with all Humility imaginable; and in my thoughts, prostrate before Thee, tender Thee all the acknowledgments of a Creature, of a Vassal, of a Slave. The more vile Thou hast made Thy Self for my sake; the greater and fuller in all duty ought to be my return; and therefore with lower submissions do I throw my self at the foot of Thy Cross, whilst bearing thy Divine Self, then at the Throne of Thy Tryumphant Majesty in Heaven.

Ana-

Anatomists and Chyrurgeons to whom the Myſteries of Humane bodyes lie open and discover'd, are harmonious in this Truth, that the Nerves and Sinews do more abound, and centre in the Feet and Hands than in any other part of the Body whatſoever. Perforations therefore, and all violent Impreſſions muſt be much more quick and ſenſible in thoſe Parts, the Pain much more Intollerable; yet were our Bleſſed JESUS both Hands and Feet pierced, and bor'd thro' with Nails of ſuch a magnitude, as were able not only to ſecure him to the Wood of the Croſs, but even to bare up and ſupport the weight of all his Body, when erected into the Air: And where the weight of his own Bleſſed Self alwayes preſſing on his Wounds, muſt be a continual widening of them; and ſo every moments renewing of the Torment of the Nails firſt forcing entry.

I omit to tell you, how the letting fall of the Croſs into the caſe previously made ready in the ground to ſecure its ſtanding firm, could not but be terrible and convulſive of the whole Fabrick, ſhaking all that at once, of which not one part wanted its particular Torment.

And now He is on the Croſs, all bloody, all torn to pieces, a frightful ſpectacle to behold, is he now free from the malice and fury of his Enemies? Nothing leſs. 'Tis true, he is now no more in their hands to be farther buſſetted and beaten with either open or clinched fiſts: But they ſtill proſecute him with what weapons they are able to make uſe of. For his greater defamation and reproach, they hang a Thief at each hand of him, and then let ſlie their envenom'd Tongues againſt Him. What ſcurrilous mocks, and ſarcaſms do they not make uſe of? What jeers, flouts and ſcoffings, do they forbear

bear to throw at him? Not satisfied with his precedent mockeries and derisions from the Jewes in the House of Caiphas; From Herod and his Battallions; From Pilates Souldiers after his delivery to them, as if nothing had yet passed in that kind, they begin a fresh. First the common Jewes, with a *Vab, qui destruis templum Dei & in triduo ædificas illud, salva temetipsum. Thou who destroyest the Temple of God, and rebuildest it in three dayes, save thy self.* Again the High Priests, *Principes sacerdotum illudentes cum scribis & senioribus dicebant, alios salvos fecit, seipsum non potest saluum facere. The Princes of the Priests illuding with the Scribes and Seniors said, He has saved others, himself he cannot save.* The very Thieves that hanged with him *Improperabant ei.* And the Roman Souldiers would not be out, *Illudebant autem ei & milites.* From all sorts and degrees he was pursued to his end, who suffer'd and died for Persons of all degrees and conditions.

Much longer he cannot bare their Calumnies and Injuries, his nature is almost spent; and a drought from the loss of so much Blood seizes him all over, and to such an excess, as forced from him, *Sitio, I am thirsty.* He was overcome with a double thirst; The one Corporal in his Body for want of Moisture: The other yet more Violent in his Soul, by which he thirsted after the Good and Salvation of Mankind. Which thirst was the occasion of the other, and of giving up his Life; as soon after you will hear he did.

The first was but ill Answer'd; for instead of some comfort for his now drooping and decaying Spirits, they give him Gaul and Vinegar to Drink; that his very tast might not be privileged above his other Sences.

Sences. But I hope all you here present will supply the latter; be more grateful unto him, and charitable to your selves. Apply his warm Blood, and scatter'd Flesh unto your Souls; they are all Sovereign for your Wounds, and no Balsom like to them.

Having no refreshment nor recruit of Forces from that bitter Potion; a general failure, and total dejectedness of Spirits work on his inferiour part, and makes it cry out; *My God! My God! Why hast thou deserted me!* And now even withdrawn thy all-supporting Hand, by the Virtue and Power of which alone, I have hitherto with courage run thro' all my now-past Sufferings. After which finding an immediate dissolution of his Corporal being coming on, he Published to the World, he had now drank the *Chalice* his Father gave him, and compleated the Work of Mans Redemption, with a *Consummatum est*. And then commending himself to his same dear Father, with a *Pater in manus tuas commendo Spiritum meum*; He delivered up the Ghost.

O dearest *JESUS*, art thou gon from us? Hast thou now left us? Could we not secure Thee to our selves even fastned on the Cross? Our past and daily sins have bin the occasion of this thy retirement; for our sins brought Thee from Heaven; cast Thee into a sweat of Blood, and then betrayed Thee. Our sins bound Thee fast, drag'd Thee along to *Annas*, then *Caiphas* Pallace; there buffeted, beat Thee, and spit in Thy Face. Our sins produced false Witnesses, and gave sentence of Thy Death. Our sins farthermore delivered Thee into the Hands of *Gentiles*, there with reiterated Crucifigatures pressed and urged the Execution
of

of the Judgment rendred: Our Sins Scourged, Crowned, and Derided Thee: Our Sins so Oppressed Thee, that Thou couldst no longer support the heaviness of the Cross: Our Sins afterwards nailed Thee fast on the same Cross; drew upon Thee an excessive Drought, and forced that Separation of Soul and Body, we have just now taken Notice of.

But most blessed and dearest *JESUS*, as our Sins have made Thee for a time with-draw, may our Duty, our Observance soon bring Thee back again; the very inanimate and dumb Creatures have given Us our Lesson; in their Language they were not silent. Pray hearken to *St. Matthew*, behold the Veil of the Temple was rent into pieces, from the top to the bottom; the Earth did quake, the Rocks parted asunder: But, Did not the Heavens also Testify their Resentments? Yes, yes, and that to the Admiration of the World. *St. Luke* proclaims, for a certainty, That Darkness over-spread the Face of the Earth, and the *Sun* denyed its Light, willing to Expire, at the same time, with the *SON* of Justice. When Men had lost all Sense of what they were doing, the Earth, the Rocks, the Temple, as if bursting with inward Grief, could contain themselves no longer. The *Sun*, the *Stars* ashamed at their Proceedings, not only hang the Universe with the deepest Mourning, but cover'd all the Elements with the blackest, and profoundest Darkness, that they might not be Witnesses of Mans Actions.

May our hitherto hardned Hearts, like the Rocks and Temple, burst asunder in compliance with the Desires of our now dead *SAVIOUR*. May the Old Man of Sin within us, like the Earth, now Tremble to think, he must part from, so long, and continued a Possession;

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let the SON that illuminateth every Man coming into this World, so Dispell all inward darknes of our Souls, that we may clearly and distinctly see what He hath suffer'd for us, and what He expecteth from us. Let the favourable Influences of Heaven so Dispose us, that we may fully Answer all his Expectations.

Think, but think seriously, if you can do too much for Him that has done so much for you. What were all your Lives, tho' I must confess, you have nothing dearer, and more pretious, if put in Ballance with His? Yet He spared it not for you. He prodigally spilt his Blood, that He might Purchase you a plentiful Redemption: He abounded in his Mercies, that you might see the Fulness of his Heart: He has bought you at such a Price, that the World cannot afford the like. Permit not then such a Purchase to become void; let not such Mercies be thrown away, nor such a Price be slighted.

Run, run unto his Body, yet hanging on the Cross; Embrace it with all the Affections of your Souls; Offer up all your Vows; Promise to Crucifie Him no more; Consecrate your selves His most devoted and faithful Servants from this Moment, and for ever; and you will crown his Sufferings; this his voluntary and frank Oblation of himself to Death, with a no less joyful than happy Resurrection.

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